The Wierkin Objectner;

ANEW SERIES OF THE STAR.

Office in MATFIELD's Brick Building,

SAINT JOHN, TUESDAY, JUNE 23, 1829.

Vol. I. No. 50.

THE GARLAND.

WHO LOVES ME BEST? (FROM "REPENTANCE," BY MISS BROWN.)
Who loves me best?—my mother sweet,
Who see every look with love is replete;
Who held me, an infant, on her knee,—
Who hath ever watched me tenderly;
And yet I have heard my mother say,
That she some time must pass away:
Who then shall shield me from earthly ill?—
Some one must love me better still!

Who loves me best?—my father dear,
Who loveth to have me always near;
He who I fly each eve to meet,
When past away is the noontide heat;
Who from the bank where the sunbeam lies
Brings me the wild-wood straw-berries.
Oh! he is dear as my mother to me,—
But he will perish even as she.

Peter Finnerty.—This individual was some years ago a reporter on the establishment of the Morning Chronicle, a paper that seems to have gathered together, from time to time, the choicest spirits that ever took note-book in hapd. Finnerty was coarse, even gross, in his general habits; of a large and awkward frame; had a ludicrous cast in one eye that heightened his rich humour, and was possessed of a peculiarly mellifluous brogue, which he appeared to cultivate as a mark of distinction. Like his countryman Barry, he loved I reland to the last, and would overwhelm any man with a torrent of elequent Billingsgate, who would speak disrespectfully of the sod. He hated the word talent; he used to call it an "iligant humbug;" he considered it an Irish affectation, without meaning or purpose, and he used it as an insidious sarcasm.—Few men possessed greater powers of retention. It is said he seldom took notes, but reported from memory. In early life, he was apprenticed to a printer. An upholsterer in Dublin, who was induced to patronize him, took him, while a a boy, into his warehouse; but Finnerty was too fond of reading political pamphlets, and attending public meetings, to watch faithfully over the interests of the furniture. The upholsterer was determined to get rid of him, and recommended him to his friend the printer, as a smart fellow who would make himself useful. He was not long in the new concern, until his moster, on entering the composing-room one morning, discovered Finnerty mounted on one of the frames, haranguing the men on liberty and equality. Not having employed him to teach these doctrines, he sent him back to the upholsterer, who, in turn, made some excuse to evade him. Peter was next to be found in the office of the Press, a new-paper establishment, about the period of the rebellion, to oppose the measures of Lord Cnstle-

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